THE SHAKEYWAY

48th Year SHAKER HEIGHTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY April 7, 1978

Top Administrators Arrested; Shaker Community in Turmoil

By Mr. R. Montebank Brille II

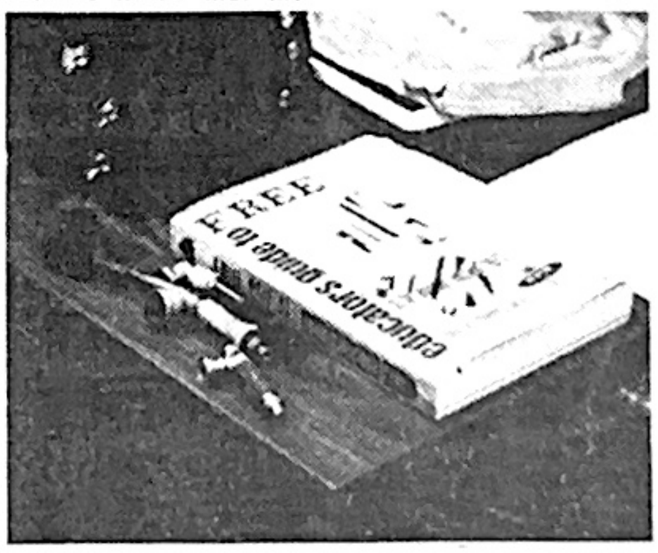
Shaker Heights buried its second homicide victim of the year yesterday - a known rackets figure whose death has shaken this city from its normal quiet and quaint community life to one of fear and panic. The threat of a gang-war in the exclusive Cleveland suburb has created a widespread alarm.

Gioseppi Monshon, brother of Cleveland Heights racket boss Egrek "Two Toes" Monsohn, was gunned down in front of his home Wednesday in a definite gang-land style. The murder occurred just three days after the kidnapping of Robert Milman, Editor-in-Chief of the Shaker Heights-based **Shakerite**. Milman is alleged to have had ties with the racket boss in Shaker, the Head of the Murphy family, Paul "Godfather" Murphy. The apparent link between the two incidents was reinforced last night when Shaker police officers Meyers and Johnston, the dynamic duo, arrested both Murphy and his henchman C. A. "Killer Al" Zimmerman for aggravated murder in connection with the Monsohn murder.

Egrek Monsohn has sworn that his brother's murder shall be avenged, and this has established a state of unrest throughout the community. The friction between the two families became evident in September of 1977 when Murphy overtook much of the Monsohn territory in this suburban area. Because of the relative ease with which Murphy executed his acquisition of the territory, Monsohn retaliated to prove his gang's strength, and the infamous mudslinger hit. One only too clearly remembers the hated fiend who terrorized the Northeast sector of Murphy's dominion. As both organizations vied for power and control in the area, violence erupted and expanded.

As a result of the mudslinger's acts, Murphy ordered his two strongarms into action. Zimmerman, also known as the "Enforcer", and his underling Bob "Crusher" Mohney, following the example of their Sicilian ancestors, "arranged" for an accident to occur to one of Monsohn's beloved family members, Danny Greene. Greene it is now believed, was planning the Milman kidnapping at the time of his death. As retribution for the Greene killing, Monsohn executed the kidnapping plan and Milman is still missing. Yet this horrid crime enhanced family tension, and insured the inevitability of Murphy's revenge. Gioseppi Monsohn met his end as a result. This reporter cannot unfortunately see an end to the hostility in the near future despite the arrest of Murphy. According to a reliabe source, Murphy has called in some of his La Costra Notra "buddies" from Amherst to uphold the family power in the area in his absence. This can only mean more trouble.

Murphy and Zimmerman who claim to be "legitimate" high school administrators are considered ruthless in their facades as well. The cries of the oppressed students echo throughout the empty halls of the building, cries of injustice. It is rumored that Murphy himself carried a .38 caliber revolver and an imported switchblade as well. It must be noted that the school has seen a great drop in offenders since Murhpy took control. The ID-policy and Senior Project policy of the Murphy organization remind one of the fascist regimes of Europe characteristic of the early part of this century. Murphy, however, is a product of this environment as his name reveals (he was born in Sicily), so his terrorist actions can be blamed on both his society and his deranged mind. **THE SHAKEYWAY** is relieved that this hardened criminal has been removed from our society along with his sycophant Zimmerman who is pathetically as warped as his superior. All that this paper can hope for is that the shady Mohney is put behind bars or shipped back to that God-forsaken state of which his is a favorite son. When that is accomplished perhaps this town can return to the normal, happy and carefree times which were enjoyed before the Murphy regime invaded.



Materials found by police at the time of arrest indicate recent use of contraband goods by the accused.

This edition of The Shakerite is an April Fools issue. Nothing, except advertisements, contained within this paper is to be construed as the truth. It is the intention of the newspaper staff to produce this issue as a purely satirical one and it should be viewed in that light.

WINE and WEED in Teacher's Dining Room
jones indicted on drug charges

By Mark Edelman

The SHAKEYWAY is proud to announce that it has beaten the SUN PRESS on a news scoop concerning Shaker Heights High School. While it is already common knowledge that Shaker students get drunk and smoke pot during their lunch time, the SHAKEYWAY has learned from an informed source (who shall only be known as "Deep Voice") that this is also the case in the teachers' dining room. For many years Shaker students have wondered by no students are allowed inside the dining room, and why you had to knock on the door a certain number of times in order to be allowed in. The reason for this is now apparent. Teachers are using their private dining room to "prepare" for their next class. According to "Deep Voice", there are many things going on in there that even health classes are not allowed to learn about.

The system for admittance into the dining room is a complicated one. It involves spelling the name of the principal's favorite species of goldfish, in Morse code. Next, one of the windows with a fake glaze on it is opened to view the person seeking entrance into the dining area. After a person has cleared this security, he is allowed in. According to "Deep Voice", there is a dish passed around every five minutes to collect money to pay for all of the "supplies" used. We now know why teachers have no money. Tough characters like Mr. Dell and Mrs. Hoffman guard the money at all times.

This situation has existed at Shaker for over fifteen years. Up to now no one has dared to hint that such a thing existed. That was until the SHAKEYWAY received a memo telling them to send an editor of the News page to a dark practice room behind the Band Room. The message was signed "Deep Voice." It was at this meeting that the truth was finally brought to light.

According to "Deep Voice", he got fed up with blowing his mind during his free periods. All of his drinking and toking was ruining his famous singing voice ("Deep Voice" is best known for his renditions of "Old Man River" and "Oh why oh why oh why oh, did I ever leave Ohio".) It was for this reason, and the fact that his students were getting suspicious of his calling everyone "scholar" that he had to bet out, and expose the scandal.

The SHAKEYWAY also received some information by sticking an undercover staff member into the dining room. According to Bruce Rosenbaum, the agent, teachers get their ideas for class from these wine and weed gatherings. Supposedly, John K. Vargo, famed English teacher, walks around talking about "the Big Stuff". He has also been known to say "Wow" and "Right" to anything that is said. Many heated discussions about the love life of Ahab in **Moby Dick**, and Hester's real motives in **The Scarlet Letter**, have transpired among teachers in the dining room.

Students in Mrs. Margaret Jones' history classes will be sad to learn that their knowledgeable teacher has been busted for dealing drugs, and supplying liquor for the teacher's dining room. It has now been discovered that the notes on her blackboard concerning drugs, liquor, and sex, are in fact, messages to her dealers. More will be discussed pending her trial.

Now that the scandal in the teachers' dining room has been discovered, the SHAKEYWAY will delve into new and exciting undercover assignments. There have been rumors that the food in the cafeteria is real. The next story in our continuing search for truth will be to uncover the real food story. As for now, many Shaker teachers will be facing withdrawal pains, and will not be themselves for about two years. As for Margaret Jones, she is now resting comfortably in the County Jail awaiting trial. Shaker can now feel safe to know that, while as the SUN PRESS informs us, its students still party and get drunk during lunch, its teachers are now sober (most of the time).

Officers Meyers and Johnston, otherwise known as Starsky & Hutch, Shaker's answer to the supercop *images of television, are caught off guard by the Shakeyway's investigative team in this exclusive photograph. Always thought of as the ultra-honest protectors of the innocent, Meyers and Johnston had seemingly upheld their duties, yet evidently they too folded under the awesome power of the dollar. As the picture reveals our once thought of heros are receiving a "Kickback" from that feared Master of the Gate, Mrs. Brattin.*

SHAKER'S INNOCENCE SABOTAGED BY SMUT

By Debby Schwartz

In an unprecedented move Mayor Walter C. Kelley in co-operation with area schools' Superintendent Dr. Jack P. Taylor announced a "full-fledged, all-out" campaign to combat smut in the Shaker schools. Modeling their campaign on that of a former mayor of a large metropolitan city (his name shall, happily, go unmentioned), the two cited a recent study conducted in Advisory Groups as a major factor prompting adoption of the five-point program. (Such a study was the nearest administration officials could come to duplicating the aforementioned mayor's celebrated "poll of the garbage pails.") They stated that concern was aroused by such faculty and student responses to the questionnaire as "Gee, I hadn't noticed anything smutty at Shaker, but what do all those words on the walls of the bathrooms mean?" (--Shaker sophomore), "Gee, I hadn't noticed anything smutty at Shaker, but what do all those words on the walls of the faculty dining room mean?" (--Shaker teacher), and "Gee, I hadn't noticed anything smutty at Shaker, unless of course you mean the •••••"

The five-point program proposed by the administration and some possible ramifications thereof are as follows:

1) Reduce the number of potential Smuttifiers roaming the halls of Shaker. (Require all unidentified detectives and house administrators to carry Shaker I.D.s at all times.)

2) Eliminate the presence of auditory obscenity on Administration Airwaves. (Forbid the use of the microphone in the Shaker library.)

3) Alleviate the growing problem of the presence of written documents of questionable integrity in school files. (Require that all college recommendations for outgoing seniors be written in invisible ink.)

4) Insure a proper environment for the fostering of a morally sound, concerned and involved student body. (Hold all "Pep" assemblies in the smoking lounge.)

5) Prohibit the publication and/or use of any potentially corruptive literature under school auspices. (Ban **Moby Dick, The Scarlet Letter,** and the **Shakerite** centerfold.)

Kelley and Taylor hope that immediate and decisive action will go far in lessening the lamentable effects of this vile and pernicious situation.

Shakeritēs Stupified by Strange Student Disappearances

By Ellen Medearis and Robert Milman

There has recently been noticed a strange, sudden, and shocking rash of disappearances plaguing the high school. Rumor has it that mere, innocent students, as well as the teachers, have found themselves suddenly transported from their seats during normal classroom activity to another part of the school. There, a small group of indistinguishable figures stare at the poor, confused victim, whisper, and proceed to take snapshots. No one knows what room this dark, smoky one is, for the victim is blindfolded so tightly that vision is impossible. The room itself is so dark that it has no distinctive features for the victim to see once the blindfold has been removed, so far, no one has any idea what unconquered territory holds this strange den.

This story was highly doubted - it just seemed to vague, too odd, too confused and too confusing, in short, just too too to be true. But recently, the strange event occured once again. And this time, documented evidence has been produced. A Shakeyway photographer happened to be on hand to record the event. The day was April 3, 1978. To most, it was a normal Monday. But to members of Martin Meshenberg's class, it was one of the strangest days of their lives. Suddenly, a student was whisked off -- out of the plain, clear light of the day and during the highly intellectual conversation that always has been the hallmark of Mr. Meshenberg's classes. Robert Milman, Editor-in-Chief, was the victim of this horrifying act of crime.

Police are investigating the strange disappearance, and speculation is that Milman was kidnapped for soley political motives. Implications involve the "Monsohn family", yet all this is only unverified theory. The **Shakeyway** did, however, capture the actual crime on film, yet the speed and perfection with which the terrorist act took place fail to leave any clue to the identity of the guilty party. The **Shakeyway** does not know the answer; however, our investigative team has been assigned to the case .. meanwhile, the crime remains unsolved.

THE SHAKEYWAY is a once a year publication of the newspaper staff at Shaker Heights Institute of Technology, 15911 Aldersyde Drive, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120.

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Faculty Adviser: Burton Randall.

Anna and Doug: From Jaw-breakers To Bone-breakers

By Keith Gandal and Phil Dolin

Today marked the fall of one of the most awesome and fearful crime organizations in the ever-flamboyant history of Shaker Heights High School, which ever since the rise of this organization, has been known, in crime detection circles, as Shaker Depths Low School. Of course, Doug Grossman is the man personally responsible for this crime tidal wave.

Doug Grossman, known simultaneously as Doug the chicken-killing, bear-biting, snake-stretching, leopard-skinning, meek and mild-mannered Grossman, comes from a meager background. He was born in a paper bag, second maggot-ridden rat-hole from the third sewer on 49th street. It was happy day for the Grossman family when they moved to a vacant orange juice can. However, the can was run over by a Mack truck and squashed flat as a pancake one day when Doug's mother left it out to dry in the middle of the street. They were a small family, but Doug has grown up since then. By five years old in fact, Doug was five foot nine inches tall and weighed 155 pounds. His first crime was nothing to sneeze at, although his father did, but then again, he had whopping cough at the time. It was a spring day, and Doug was our early for teacher-conferences. On his way home, he stopped at the local candy store; he had sweet tooth that day. He snuck quietly up the aisle, and then silently and secretly stuffed a sourball in his pocket. It was pineapple, his favorite color. He crept quietly toward the exit to make his first getaway. At the door he stopped a moment, turned around and opened fire with a submachine gun. The FBI let the five-year-old Doug off, after he promised to go to a dentist and have that sweet tooth cured. But Doug didn't take the FBI's advice; no, the next ten years were spent in and out grammar schools and prisons: candy canes, chocolate bars, and ice-cream sundaes were yet to follow. Sergeant O'Henry, a favorite candy bar of Doug's incidentially, remembers the first time he tracked Doug down." I was taking the standard tooth-prints at a sweet shop that had been knocked off that evening. I noticed that the six foot steel wall, that stood between me and the safe holding the chocolate candy with liquid cherry centers, had been gnawed clean through. I matched the prints with those of an earlier candy store job; they were Doug the Elephant-brain-crusher's, all right." The FBI had Doug cold this time. He was caught chocolate-covered in Hershey, Pa., not a good place to steal candy. The FBI was ready to put him in a dentist's office for life and throw away the key. They had a dentist all picked out and everything: Dr. Falkner, the "HANGING DENTIST." The state of Pennsylvania had recently re-established the "dentist's penalty". Doug opted for it, saying I never really liked Musac anyway. Doug had hoped for a reprieve from the President but the President replied by saying," Do not ask what your country can do for you ...". No reprieve came; they strapped him into the chair, and pulled the infamous sweet tooth, public enemy No. 1. The tooth itself was sentenced to hand by the roots outside the medical building on a piece of dental floss until rotten.

After the tooth was gone, Doug's drive for candy diminished. So he decided instead to break bones for the fun of it. He went out west where talk was cheap, but he could get a high price for bones. In a junkyard, somewhere between Omaha and Oregon, he met the roughest, toughest thing to be called a lady that side of the Mississippi. When he first say her, she was swallowing cars whole; they called her Anna Mckee. At the time she was training to break Evil Kneivel's record; she planned to jump twelve Chevy vans and then eat them. She would swallow a car off the street in Mexico City, walk across the U.S. line unnoticed, stick a finger down her throat and pawn the car in Omaha. All they had to do was clean it off. There was no turning back now; Doug left organized candy for organized crime. With Doug's ability to gnaw through walls and Anna's ability to swallow them, they were a great team. Doug would steal something and Anna would devour all the evidence within a fifty-mile radius. They left a trail ... of nothing, no grass, no trees, no buildings, nothing.

Doug came to Shaker when Anna was caught transporting a Trailways Bus across state lines. The policeman reported that the tailpipe was sticking out of her sock. Anna joined him after she escaped. Doug remembered that this was the toughest job she ever pulled. "She coughed up bricks for a whole month in her sleep." So Anna was out of the car business for good. But Doug was ready to realize the greatest dream of his life, to crush bones. Just to show that he meant business, he broke his own leg as a sophomore. When it healed, he was ready again, this time as a junior.

In a matter of minutes, Doug had virtually taken over the school. Spencer Snitterton Fine remembers the first day of school last year. "It was a normal day. I had been up till 4.00 a.m. the night before thinking about doing **Gristmill**. My eyes were bloodshot. Like I said, everything was normal. But then I got to school. I walked into my first class, and Doug was sitting in my favorite seat. I said, Doug, 'You're in my seat.' He looked at me very amused, as Doug does quite often. Then he took the seat, shoved it through my teeth, down my throat, into my stomach, and over to my small intestines, where it remained for approximately 24 hours, if you know what I mean. It was almost as bad as the time Greg Bankhurst punched me in the face during an intramural basketball game."

Doug set up an operation through which he figured he could do unlimited bone-crusing. He presented people an offer that they had a hard time refusing. It went like this. Doug and Anna weaseled their way into innumerable Advanced Placement, Level 5 courses best in the school, most prestigious classes where students allegedly had glasses and weak bones. Ellen, Lynn, Heidi, Helen and a host of others Medearises recount the situation. Doug and Anna would promise to do assignments for payments in bones crushed. *Here is a sample payment scale:*

1 History reading in Mesh's brown-green-black-white book ..... 1 bone.

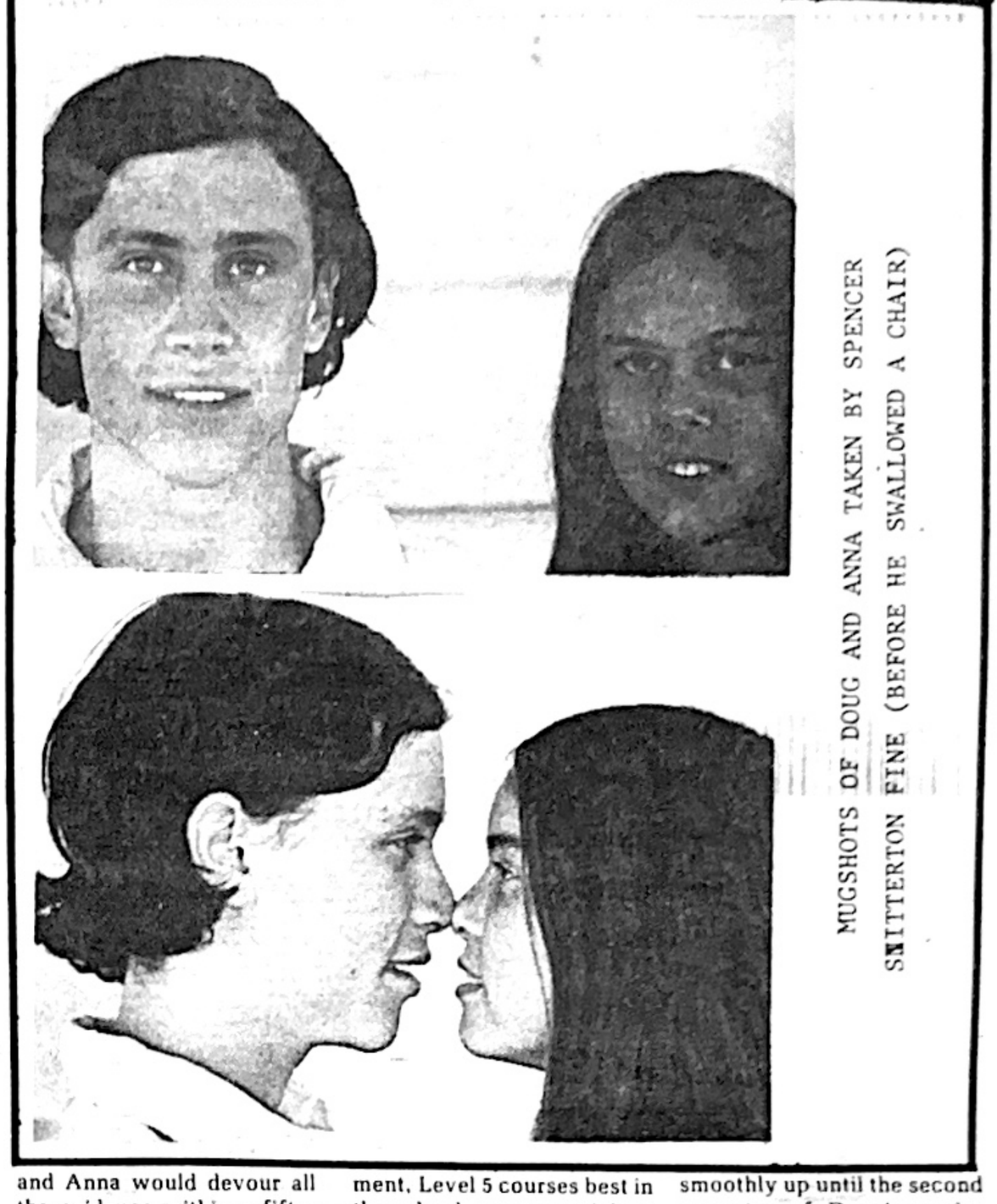
15 math problems ..... 1 bone (unless integration by parts, in which case an extra part).

Any term paper ..... 1 bone every five hundred words.

Doug and Anna distributed flyers bearing this information in the high school as well as the elementary schools. Students were given the very generous choice of deciding which bones they would prefer to have crushed. Most people chose fingers or toes because they were considered the most expendable. However, when it came to me, I chose an old chicken bone I had eaten last night for dinner." The police could do nothing to counter Doug's savagery because the student's had all signed legit contracts.

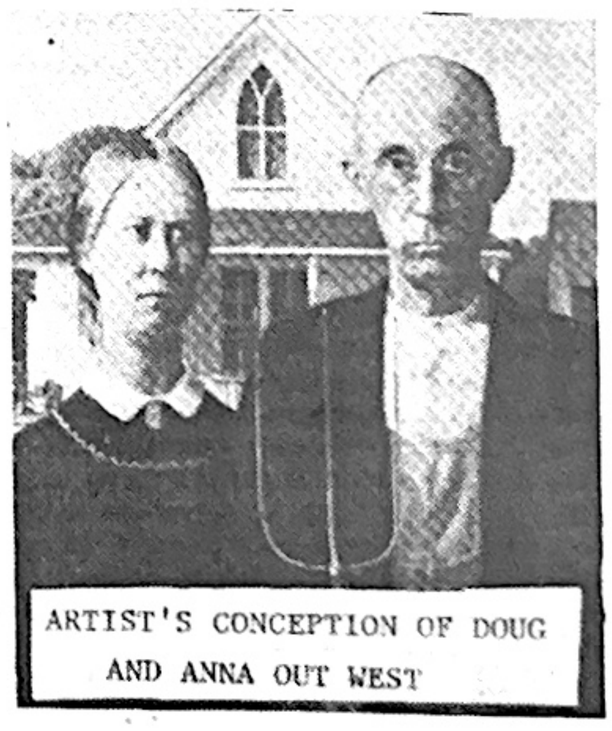
This operation ran smoothly up until the second semester of Doug's senior year. Due to senior slump students were no longer willing to work thir fingers to the bones, so to speak, as it were, if I make myself clear, to get their assignments in. So Doug had to resort to normal, everyday, *run-of-the-mill violence. Doug still pursued his operation in a very businesslike manner. As Mark Fremont so well put it, "if Bill asks to break your leg today, you had better let him, becuase if you do not there will be 15 'big guys' waiting for you at your house tomorrow."* The police now had no trouble tracking Bill down, because all that they had to do was to look for the house with 15 big guys chewing off one of the walls. Sheila Hecht, who wants to be a professional bounty hunter when she grows up, said, "That is how I caught them." Indeed, Hecht got a heck of a bounty for cracking this awful case.

If you walk through the halls and happen to see Doug and/or Anna, don't be afraid because Doug no longer crushes bones; he now crushes Earth worms, and other slimy, invertebrate animals, such as slugs and **Shakerite** and **Gristmill** editors-in-chiefs.



MUGSHOTS OF DOUG AND ANNA TAKEN BY SPENCER SNITTERTON FINE (BEFORE HE SWALLOWED A CHAIR)

SUPREME COURT DENTIST: "THAT TOOTH HAS GOT TO COME OUT!"

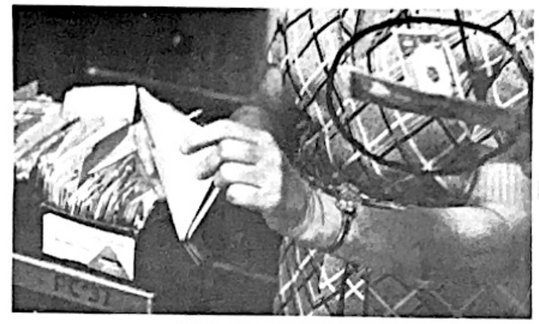


ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF DOUG AND ANNA OUT WEST

HEIDEMANGATE

SPECIAL TO THE CENTERFOLD
BY JON BANKSTEIN
AND
DAVE GINNWARD
PLUS DEEP NECK (JUAN RUSSELL)

OF COURSE SHE"S SMILING, WOULDN"T YOU?



DUPLICATE RECEIPT—SAVINGS ACCOUNT

IN ACCOUNT WITH ALTA HEIDEMANN No 5050 19327

	DATE	MEMO	INTEREST	WITHDRAWALS	DEPOSITS	BALANCE
1	1967-78				1,437.24	
2	1968-69				1,437.24	
3	1969-70				1,437.24	
4	1970-71				1,437.24	
5	1971-72				1,437.24	
6	1972-73			1469.25		
7	1973-74				1,437.24	
8	1974-75				1,437.24	
9	1975-76				1,437.14	
10	1976-77				1,437.24	
11	1977-78		1,000		1,437.24	15,374.94
12	april 1			15374.94		-0-

THE BANK BOOK REVEALS THE DEPOSITS AND WITHDRAWALS

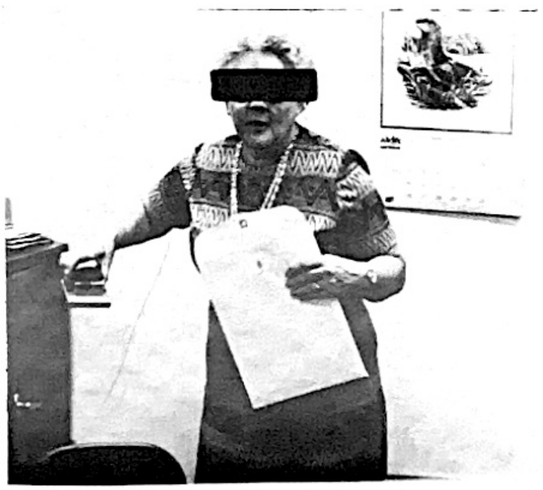
IT HAS BEEN RECENTLY REVEALED TO THESE REPORTERS FROM AN EXCLUSIVE SOURCE, WITHIN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SCHOOL THAT MRS. ALTA HEIDEMANN ALIAS "THE BOOK LADY", ALIAS "THE INCREDIBLE HULK" FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS HAS BEEN EMBEZZLING BOOK FINE MONEY TO THE TUNE OF $14,372.40.

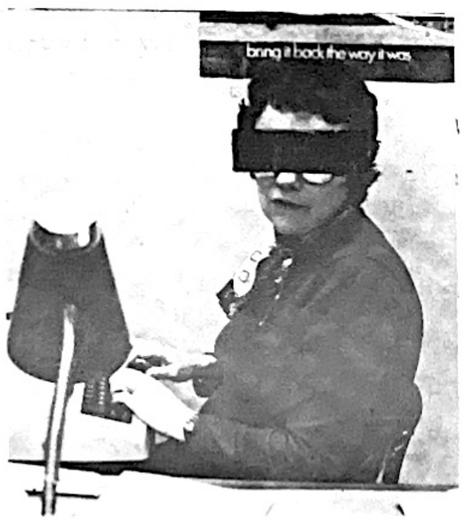
THE AVERAGE BOOK FINE PER PERSON IS ONE DOLLAR AT SHHS. THIS IS BASED ON THE FACT THAT ONE "FOLDING, SPINDLING OR MUTILATING" OF A BOOK COSTS 25¢. FIGURES SHOW THAT THE AVERAGE SHAKERRITE FOLDS, SPINDLES OR MULTILATES A TEXT BOOK AT LEAST FOUR TIMES A YEAR. OVER THE PAST TEN YEARS MRS. HEIDEMANN HAS TAKEN 87¢ FROM EACH STUDENT DOLLAR. THE AVERAGE NUMBER OF STUDENTS IN THE PAST TEN YEARS HAS BEEN 1652. MULTIPLY THIS FIGURE BY 87¢, TIMES TEN YEARS ; 14,372

THROUGH "DEEP NECK" WE HAVE BEEN PROVIDED WITH DOCUMENTED PROOF, HER SWISS BANK ACCOUNT PASSBOOK, WHICH JUST HAPPENS TO CORRESPOND WITH THE FIGURES PREVIOUSLY DISCLOSED. MRS. HEIDEMAN WAS NOT AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT, HOWEVER A RECEIPT FOR A ONE-WAY PLANE TICKET TO GUDALAHARA WAS FOUND BY THESE REPORTERS WHILE SEARCHING IN A TRASH BINE FOR THEIR DINNER ALONG WITH A DEED FOR A PLOT OF LAND. SCHOOL OFFICIALS DENY KNOWLEDGE OF FOUL PLAY. THE ONLY EXPLANATION FOR HER ABSENCE WAS GIVEN BY A SCHOOL OFFICAL WHO SAID " SHE TOLD US THAT SHE WAS GOING ON A SABBATICAL TO DO EXTENSIVE RESEARCH ON THE EFFECTS OF SUN AND SALT WATER ON BOOK BINDINGS.

"THE BOOK LADY" WAS ONLY ABLE TO PULL THIS INCREDIBLE SCANDAL OFF WITH THE HELP OF TWO AS YET UNNAMED ADMINISTRATIVE AIDES. NO ONE KNOWS HOW HIGH UP THE CORRUPTION ACTUALLY GOES. RECORDS HAVE BEEN FALSIFIED AND PAYOFFS MADE. IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THE TAINT OF THIS INSIDENT CLEARS AWAY. LEAVING ROOM FOR THE EDUCATIONAL PROCESS TO AGAIN.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF HEIDEMANN'S HELPERS





GANDOLIN'S REVENGE

By Keith Gandal and Phil Dolin

The feature page has always had a hard time getting articles written. Students will often promise to write an article and then renege upon their promise. To counter this rash of irresponsibility, the feature page, care of Philip Dolin and Keith Gandal, known as Gandolin in tight journalism circles, has seen to it that students will only renege on a promise once -- just like "you only get hit by a train once," (if we make ourselves clear). This policy has resulted in two happy effects; first, feature articles are generally in on time, and second, the population of irresponsible writers has seen a sharp decrease in the last few months. The system is very simple. It works like this. If you promise to write an aritcle and don't or don't get it in on time, the following things will happen as sure as the sun will shine or rise, take your pick:

Editors escort an irresponsible writer

1. The day after the article was due, you will see a smiling Keith Gandal skipping toward you in the safe halls of Shaker High School between classes.

2. Keith will say, "Hi, how are you, how've you been," etc., and will shake your hand.

3. You will feel a sharp pain in the back of your head, and then everything will go black. (Philip Dolin has meanwhile snuck up behind you with a leather pouch filled with sand, a blackjack, and smashed the Sam-swearword out of you.)

4. But the fun has just begun.

5. There are two options that come into play now. They will be named, for purposes of organization, Options A and B. First we will deal with the ever-popular Option A.

6A. After you fall limp into Keith Gandal's arms, Philip will pop you into a huge potato sack.

7A. Before tying the sack tight, Keith will scribble out a note saying, "The feature page wants its articles in on time." Keith drops the note into the sack.

8A. Philip ties the sack, too tight for the average bear.

9A. The sack is then dragged to the already running, suspicious-looking black limo that sits outside the school. It is then thrown into the back seat. The two feature editors jump into the front seat.

10A. The car accelerates to well over 85 MPH. Buzzing around the oval, the editors take care of some prospectively irresponsible writers.

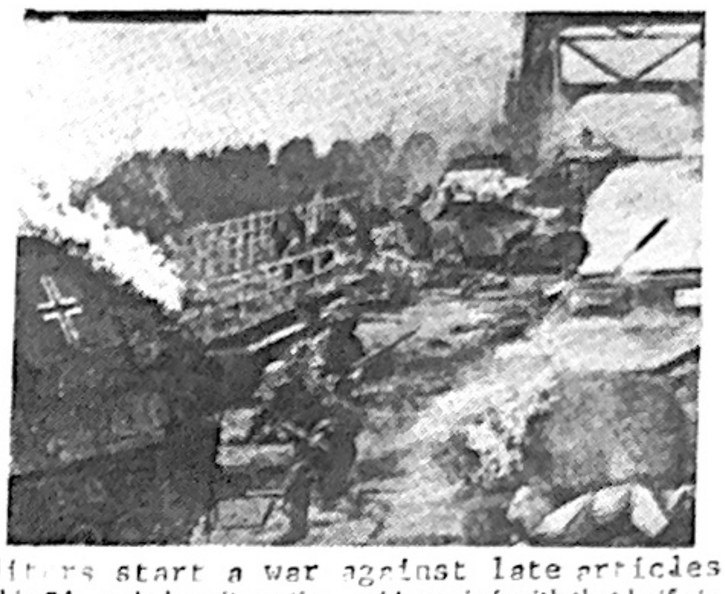
11A. The car goes downtown. As the car goes around the sharpest corner in Cleveland, Philip Dolin, who knows all about frames of reference thanks to J. Brattin's physics class, opens the door, allowing the sack and the irresponsible juvenile to fly the Sam-swearword out of there.

12A. Philip and Keith are back before the next period starts.

13A. End of option A.

6B. The editors will drag you to the lounging couches in the library.

7B. Philip will take out a retractable, fake knife, stick on it the same note mentioned in 7A, and place it gently, but securely in the writer's back.



Editors start a war against late articles

8B. Philip and Keith beat is the Sam-swearword out of there.

10B. An innocent, unsuspecting, good Samaritan of a student notices when the bell rings that the x-writer does not move to go to class.

11B. The student mentioned above tries to awaken the apparently sleeping x-writer.

12B. The x-writer slumps forward, and it looks as if she slumped right out of an old movie (with that knife in her back.)

13B. Everybody who sees it screams and gets a general scare out of the whole interlude.

We forgot to tell you that Option A is for boys while the more gentle Option B is reserved for the fairer sex. So if you see anybody wandering around the halls in a potato sack, you will know .. And by the way, if you want to write a feature article, feel free to contact either Philip Dolin or Keith Gandal.

Mr. Otero and Dealings in Cocaine County

By Doug Falkner

Early yesterday morning after receiving a tip from a chief informer, Deepthorax, of the Puerto-American drug scandal were arrested as police throughly combed their private homes. A large supply of top-grade heroine and cocaine was confiscated from both places of residence. Both Sr. Roughhouse Otero and Mr. Goodbar Goodman are being held without bail on charges of illegal possession and sales of drugs and the exploitation of minors.

These arrests have been the first major breakthrough in many months. Police and a large team of detectives had, until recently, been unable to find any leads as to the whereabouts and exact operations of the ringleaders of the scandal. Says chief of police, Donald Traver, "It was not until we began to receive complaints from students, way back in September and October of last year, that we even began to suspect that something was wrong over at the high school."

Apparently, once the new principal, Paul Murphy, took over the job of policy-maker at Shaker High, things were no longer the same. The new administrative force began to crack down on student control, discouraging even the most willing and anxious classcutter from missing a single class. But many of the policies were said to be somewhat over-restrictive. Says Rob Schwartzenbower, a senior at Shaker, "Man, you just don't know how it is now. We can't walk outside, we can't smoke outside, and like man we can't even walk in the halls anymore."

The new rule that prohibited hallway use was a big break for Otero and his gang. Evidently, the empty corridors, with all their spots for concealment, gave Otero's operation an ideal opportunity for safe and fruitful transactions. Our chief informer has revealed that once classes were in session and the remaining students were cleared from the halls, drugs and money were being passed around like they were going out of style. "I was walking out of the bathroom once," remarked a student, "and there was Otero shaking hands with some tall man in a dark suit, smiling as if he had just made a million bucks." Asked what he did after witnessing such an event, the student replied, "What could I do? I hurried back into the lavatory and sat down in a stall."

Abe Lincoln had nothing to do with the incident

The facts seem to point to some very obvious conclusions concerning the methods of this notorious ring. Upon arrest, Otero was so distressed that he began to confess his crimes willingly. Word for word he was heard muttering the same lines over and over again. "Ay caramba!" (Translation withheld from the public.) "For so many years I come to this school teaching students the same old Spanish, hardly making enough to go back to my homeland over the summer break. And now this year, with all those phonecalls I got to make, all that extra paperwork I got to get done, I hardly have the time to teach. I just wasn't making the bucks I deserved. So I turned to crime. Is it really so bad? I mean the temptation was just so great. And with that new empty hall policy, it all seemed so simple..."

Asked how a usual deal was made, Goodman confessed, tears rolling down his eyes as he saw his long career suddenly vanish before the firm hand of justice, "It actually was quite simple. We had the to the Justice Center and a small group decided to take a shortcut through the building. One student in the group reported, "We were walking through the main hallway, when there came Goodman and Otero from one of the connecting corridors. We all laughed because we knew this time we had the right to be walking through the halls. When Goodman gave the usual order to clear the halls we were ready to take our stand. I guess they weren't in the mood for games that day, because they wouldn't let us pass. Can you believe it. We couldn't even exit through the doorway we wanted to. What kind of rule is it anyway?"

Wondering what would be the next step, Chief of Police, Traver said, "The first item of importance is to find out what kind of role Murphy has in all of this mess. He's the guy making all the rules, isn't he?" Though Murphy was astonished and offended by such an accusation, he calmly answered any question posed to him, confident in his replies. "I know I may have made some pretty tough rules, but I am not an advocate of undercover crime. This is Shaker Heights! Do you honestly think that I would help besmire the high holy name that Shaker has gained for itself?"

Just who else may be involved in the conspiracy within the confines of this institution of higher education is not known to date. However, investigations are underway and police are keeping in close contact with their chief informer, Deepthorax. Says the Starsky and Hutch team of Shaker, "Every time things don't smell right, we get this type-written note in our garage. It must be from stuff sent directly from Puerto Rico to the Shaker Heights school board. You see, who would suspect a school board? We just told them we were sending them baseballs and they were sending us soccer balls. I mean, did we suspect Cuba when we noticed that they were starting to build a large number of soccer fields? After we got the stuff, we just contacted local dealers and met them between the periods. It was all so easy with the students being prohibited from the halls and all. Everyone thought we were just doing our job. We'd make the quick deal and then they would split. It was a good chance to make a few extra bucks."

Just when suspicion of illegal doings was aroused is not quite known, though not long ago we began to receive an unordinary number of complaints from the student body. Reported Mike Spinx, "I was just coming out from the bathroom after roughing up some punk who wouldn't give me a dime, and I turn this corner to go back to my class and I see this fist heading for my face. The next thing I know there is Goodman and Otero leaning over me arguing. When I sat up they stop and Goodman says to Otero, 'I told him to get back to class, but he just shrugged his shoulders in disrespect. Then he raised his dukes so I decked him.' The next thing I know is I am in the principal's office and they're suspending me." Asked about this circumstance, Goodman remarked, "Sure I remember. The kid nearly blew our cover. We forgot to check the bathrooms that day. I guess you could say he was in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Things began to piece together as a small class was leaving to go on a field trip some student because there are always a few geometry problems worked out on the back. But we got to give the kid credit. His last correspondence gave us the top to raid the homes of Otero and Goodman. The strangest thing is that the kid actually knew where we would find the stuff." Asked if they had any hunches as to the identity of the alleged Deepthorax, they replied, "We are not really too sure, but one thing we do know is that this kid is flunking geometry. We're more concerned about that than who he is. Information is information. Where we go from here, we're not really certain about."

Both Otero and Goodman will be tried within the month. They are suspended from their teaching positions until their guilt or innocence is determined. They will be facing penalities of ten to twenty years in the federal penitentiary. Hope the Shaker board members, "If everything goes well, they will get what they truly deserve, without changing the high opinion people have of our fine schools. That would be all we need."

The characters of these two teachers were never before in question. Explains a friend of one of the accused, "Both of them were such fine people, I thought. They always seemed so concerned. Even at teachers' meetings they were always there, making suggestions for remedial policies. I still don't believe that they did it. And when the papers reported that they were virtually making millions, I nearly fainted. Dear me, they always appeared to me to be such fine gentlemen."

Laments Spencer Fine, a Spanish student who jumped a year of Spanish between semesters to take Otero's class, "I tell you, it's a real bummer. We were just getting into some real good Spanish. That class always made my day."

Biology Teacher Dell Indicted On Drug Charges

By Alan Inglis

It has come to my attention that previously well respected biology teacher Hilliard Dell is being privately prosecuted for suspected drug dealing to the Intramural Basketball teams. In a true attempt to get the real story, I recently interviewed Scott Fine, co-commissioner of the basketball league, and found out what exactly Mr. Dell was involved in.

Shakeyway: Mr. Fine, I have heard that the biology teacher (so he claims), Mr. Dell, has been involved in dealing drugs to various players in the Intramural Basketball league, and I was curious as to the validity of that statement.

Fine: Well, Mr. Inglis, as you well know I cannot decide his guilt or innocence. That job is up to the courtroom jury. I can only tell you the information that we have accummulated until now. Let me tell you, with what we have, Dell may be handing from the flag-pole within the week!

Shakeyway: Now that you have in fact made a judgement, Mr. Fine, why don't you just fill us in on what that evidence is?

Fine: To begin with, we have a taped conversation between Mr. Dell and Shaker's notorious undercover hit-woman, Nancy McGuire, in which they discuss arrangements for a drop-off.

Shakeyway: Tell me, Mr. Fine, how did you ever acquire such a recording?

Fine: Mr. Inglis, it is simplicity itself! We merely disguised a microphone as a paramecium, and the rest is history.

Shakeyway: Quite impressive. Besides the tape, what other evidence is there against Mr. Dell?

Fine: We have sworn affidavits from every referee that explain the strange play exhibited by certain players who, I will not name at this time. The referees all agree that desire to throw your fellow player through the hoop rather than the basketball can be caused only by the inhaling of a new Biological chemical known throughout the drug world as Semenal.

Shakeyway: That sounds just fine to me Mr. Fine, but how do you plan on convincing the jury and the judge that it was Mr. Dell who sold the drugs to the basketball players? Do you have any witnesses?

Fine: Yes, in fact we do have a witness. It is mild-mannered science instructor, Jerry Mastellar, better known around Shaker High as "Jerry Jehoshaphat." He also has signed an affidavit claiming to have seen Mr. Dell and a basketball star later identified as Andrew Herman exchange packages in the middle of a frog experiment. It was Andrew Herman who was later removed from the league for playing while "under the influence" and for possession of the previously mentioned drug, Semenal. In addition to that, we have the testimony of another basketballer, "Bogus", who swears to have purchased Semenal from Mr. Dell.

Shakeyway: How did you get "Bogus" to admit to it?

Fine: Well, it seems that he was arrested for possession while at Brooklyn for a Shaker hockey game, and rather than being thrown in jail, he was willing to help us to indict Mr. Dell as we had hoped. For this, we are supplying "Bogus" with a year's supply of that Semenal!

Shakeyway: It seems like a stong case you've got against Mr. Dell, but tell me, Mr. Fine, how did he ever hide the quantities of Semenal needed to run a successful drug ring?

Fine: There is a model of a man in his room, and ...

Shakeyway: I understand. Now, Mr. Fine, what has he done with all the "incriminating evidence?"

Fine: Uh ... Are you interested in earning some extra money on the side?

Diamonds, Dirt & Water(?)

By Sue Mellin

You would think that the girl's swim team would be an innocent enough operation -- a bunch of girls in bathing suits swimming lap after lap morning and night (either they-re extremely dedicated of extremely studid) in the Shaker pool, having good clean fun (OOPS! I take that back; in the Shaker pool, nothing is clean). Girls in bathing suits -- why, that's as American as Miss America, baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet. Well, you're in for a rude awakening: the Shaker Girls' swim team may look like a swim team, act like a swim team, and even smell like a swim team (chlorine - ugh!) but they're really a clever front for an internation jewel ring, led by the infamous Peter Linn. Coach Linn, a mild-mannered, unassuming math teacher by day, and a swim coach from 6:30 - 7:30 a.m. and after school daily (mild-mannered occasionally) is better known in internation circles as Light Finers Pierre, the notorius fence. Shaker Heights High School is an invaluable link in the jewel ring -- stolen merchandise is brought here from all over the world, stashed for a while until the heat is off, and then distributed and sold on the black market throughout the country. Where, you might ask, are these millions of dollars worth of jewels hidden? Oh, come now -- in the Shaker pool, of course! It's the perfect higing place, because it's so filthy, you couldn't see a stolen diamond in it even if it was right in front of your face. As a matter of fact, you probably couldn't see anything in it, even if it jumped up and bit you. No one really knows what lurks ... But anyway, under the cover of hairballs and rusty bobby pins, at the bottom of the murky depths lies a fortune in jewels just waiting for some adventurous soul.

The girls go through the motions of a real swim team. They work out every day, before and after school, and even compete in swim meets. For their trouble, they receive a share of the profits from the illicit operation (how else do you think they could afford new sweat sutis?). They had a bit of a scare the other day when Shaker played host to the Hubbard Girl's swim team. Because the Shaker pool (did I say pool? I'm sorry -- my mistake) is only eight feet deep at its greatest depth, according to A.A.U. rules, a diver isn't required to take her life into her hands and dive into it. This regulation works out very nicely for the team, since the jewels are stashed away in the deep end. Well, Hubbard had three divers, and each one of them dove six times. Luckily, as they were unaccustomed to diving in water with the consistency of that found in an African waterhole, they didn't pay close attention to the bottom of the pool, but to getting out of the pool as quickly as possible. Did I say pool again? Sorry, a mental lapse. The cache of jewels went undetected, in any event. The girls have a pretty full schedule of meets this year, because last year the OHSSA threatened to investigate their credibility as a swim team, since they were only scheduled for three dual meets. As an investigation would surely uncover the darker side of the team's activities, the girls are swimming in a total of eight dual meets and relays this year. Only two of the meets are at home -- because away meets are much safer. The next home meet, April 18, against Lakewood, should prove interesting.

CAVS WIN B-BALL

On a serious note, congratulations are in order the the Cavs, the champions of Shaker's Intramural Basketball league! After completing their undefeating season, the Cavs went on to the playoffs to defeat the Antagonists, Swish II, and the Blazers in the finals by a score of 36 to 35. The members of the Cavs are as follows: Mark Schwartz, Bruce Tall, Mike Mays, Dino Capriotto, Keith Stiggers, Eliot Sims, Robert Love, and Edmond Pace.

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Mohney Linked to B-Ball Scandal

By Alan Inglis

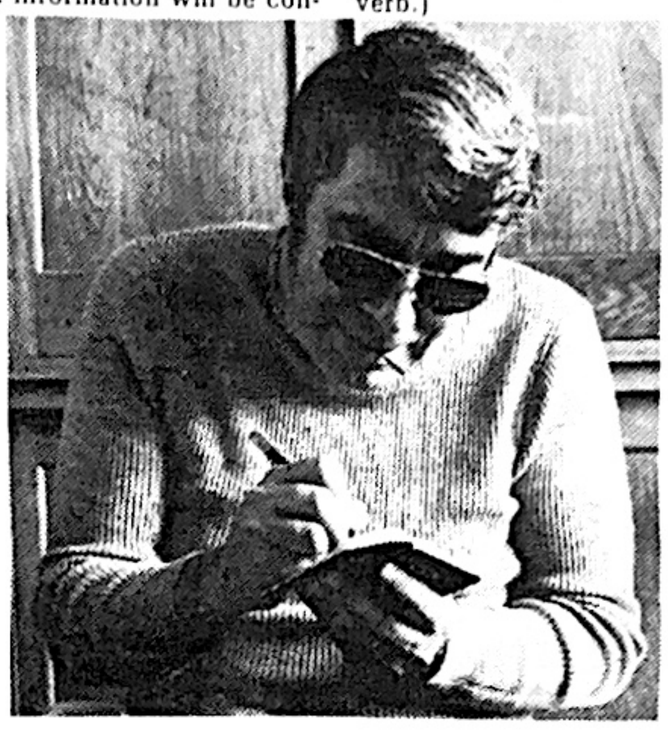
Because of the disappointing finish of Shaker's Varsity Basketball team, an inquiry was made into the reason for the sudden collapse of the team. It was soon found out that indisputable Shaker Mafia head Bob Mohney was responsible for some of the players on the Shaker squad receiving "small" payments for their involvement in the losses! Through reliable sources I have uncovered the facts surrounding these affairs.

The major players involved were Orlando Lowry and Morris Thompson, who received anywhere up to $100 per game each to help the opponents' cause. When questioned as to their means of income, both ballplayers named Intramural Basketball Refereeing as the source of their money. This raised a few eyebrows, however, when both Morris and Orlando were viewed traveling around with brand-new foreign racing bikes. In addition to the new bicycle, Orland also had attached gold-plated training wheels valued at $75.

As to Mohney's part in the deal, he had one of his many intelligent responses all prepared for the reporters: "No comment." During an informal conversation, however, Mohney did admit to going to the horse races every day while in Washington, D.C., for what was supposed to be the Close-up program.

With the Shaker police department looking into Mohney's background for other possible involvement in school sports, THE SHAKEYWAY, on behalf of the Athletic department and the school board as well, is offering a $50 reward for any information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of the dangerous and omnipotent Bob Mohney. All information will be confidential. Anyone who knows anything should contact either Burton Randall or me immediately!

(Adviser's Note: Don't contact me. **Contact** isn't a verb.)



LINN FORCES DRUGS ON SWIM TEAM

By Jay Watson

Should we as a society allow high school sports to be played when the coaches themselves blatantly violate the rules? This question becomes of even greater significance in light of the recently uncovered Shaker SwimTeam drug scandal.

Coach Peter Linn, (infamous for his girl swim team role) has been indicted for giving drugs to his male swimmers as well. According to testimony by some of Linn's swimmers, he virtually forced them to take at least two different kinds of pills. Although the specific chemical in the pills has not as yet been isolated, the two pills have been described as the first "a yellow pill with a chewy, sticky center and the other as a white powder one. Anyone with an idea as to the content of these pills, please call 931-6843. Any cooperation that anyone could give in determining the content of these hideous pills would be greatly appreciated by the authorities.

Linn gave these to his swimmers by telling them 'This will make you feel good.' He is reported to have given double or triple doses at will to make the innocent swimmers feel even better.

There is rumor on the streets that Linn will try to leave the country before his trial comes up, possibly by first going to California and then either to Mexico or to the Orient to tend to his drug markets abroad.

The collapse of Linn's Shaker Swimmers drug scheme came about as a direct result of his team's remarkable performance at the District Meet. When Linn's previously un-ranked team rose to a commanding third, the other coaches in the district raised a question. In fact Linn is suspected of selling various drugs to the State Champs St. Xavier. However, Linn has not been formally indicted of this charge at this time. Linn is also suspected of giving his swimmers steroids during the off-season and the majority of the season. Steroids are chemicals that increase male hormones. Consequently muscle is made easier. However, this charge too have not been formally brough against Mr. Linn.

The outcome of these legal proceedings will shape the course of high school athletics for generations to come.

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